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STUDENT REVIEW

An Independent Forum for Student Thought



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Let's give Sam the traditional *Student Review* cheer. Stick seven fingers in your mouth, rub Sam's leg with your foot and sing the Loveboat theme replacing the word love with Sam while hopping on one foot.

AFFIRMATION: GAY & LESBIAN MORMONS is a non-profit educational fellowship group serving gay and lesbian Latter-day Saints, their families and friends

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|--------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. help | 8. dimes | 15. moisturizing cream |
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| 7. sportsmanship | 14. Eddie Haskell | |

Bottom Ten

guided tours, nickels, fingernails, Rock Canyon, fads, no spring break, harakiri, froth, French matadors, thongs

Mint Shampoo

by Kevin Morgan

A couple of days back, I woke up at 6:30 am as usual and took my morning shower. Out of the three bottles balanced carefully on their caps, not more than a smidgeon of shampoo could be struck. At 7 am this is tragic. So is anything that early in the morning. I spent too long filling each empty bottle with "massage spray" and dumping the diluted stuff over my head.

Off to the supermarket. Today is my day off, what a ripe opportunity to change brands. A careful consumer requires hours of scrutiny into package quality, bottle shape, that horrid little flip-top break-off cap, and most importantly, how long is that Togalic list of chemicals misplaced under "Ingredients." Obviously, this list was compiled in Swahili or French Basque since everything else was in two other languages. Are the Spaniards told to "wet, then apply"? to "use sparingly"? "Use sparingly" is not a phrase coined in capitalist America. A true-blue American product admonishes the consumer to "Soak hair, then douse with OUR product. Don't forget armpit, arm, leg, pubic and chest hair. Rinse well."

I chose the nearest bottle that looked American—made by Hairco, or Cleanaco, or Shamco or something-co. Around the back side of this monster bottle in doctored print read: "Douse with Shamco Apple Mint Shampoo"...I must be in the wrong department. Checked. Nope. Maybe I should buy pork on the way out. Heck, it'll freshen up my bathroom.

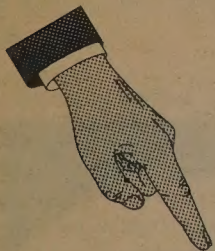
Ten minutes later, with no holds barred and buck naked in the bathroom, I reminisced about Easter dinners as the safety seal broke and Apple Mint shampoo rose into my anxious nostrils. A twist to half-past nine with the hot, a little before two with the cold and she was waiting for company. "Massage" had my name on it no matter how well the water heater worked. "Wet hair thoroughly." Consider it done.

"Apply to area of scalp most often dried, sprayed or combed." I applied, and that was when the bottle and I gave our regards and parted. Faster than a drunk can say "more," I said: "Fetch! What the heck is this?!!" Oh, the fumes!

My docile, pious sanctuary home of the massage nozzle was instantly transformed into a nauseous, dense chamber teeming with a high-velocity mint aroma, severe enough to imitate death by asphyxiation in the halls of Menthos-Olyptus. Who created this and saw that it was good?

Who's Fault is it Anyway?

by Michelle Moore



I remember my first position of responsibility. I was a small child in summer school and it was Snack-time. At every Snack, hordes of hungry children crowded onto green picnic tables (everything at that school was green) to devour two Chips-Ahoy cookies and a Styrofoam cup of milk each.

One sunny day, my teacher promoted me from my usual position of Ordinary Consumer to that of Snack-time Supervisor. I was to make sure that all the students ate only two cookies and didn't snatch any of the wimpier kids' cookies. Needless to say, I was completely traumatized. I was awed by my own authority. I felt isolated in my new position and vaguely threatened by the possibility of having to forego my own snack while watching all the other kids eat. Was this the price of leadership?

Things only got worse from that point on. I remember receiving my own goldfish, who I named Penelope. I knew I had her fishy little life in my hands, and I wanted to nurture her and give her everything she needed. She would want for nothing. Well, I gave her so much food that one day I found her, to

my horror, floating upside down, a small, bloated blob of gold. My first victim. I cried and told my mother that I never wanted to be responsible for anything ever again in my whole entire life, not even a cactus. And I meant it.

I think everybody, deep down inside, knows exactly what I'm talking about, even if I am rambling. I mean RESPONSIBILITY. Doesn't it scare you? Wouldn't you rather have someone higher than yourself to blame, like your mother or boss or landlady or President Clinton?

Don't deny it. You've played the blame game, too—so often that you probably don't even notice anymore. Misdirected blame is every student's creed. Ever since a torpedo blew your homework away in second grade, you've been more than adept at pointing the proverbial finger away from you.

Your paper's late? Your disk crashed. You flunked a test? You had a hot flash in the Testing Center. Your anti-social behavior offends? It isn't your fault that kids called you Ugly Lame-O all through grade school. It's your Star B teacher's fault. She told you that beauty is on the inside. You've developed an obsessive-compulsive tendency to wash your left hand 273 times a day? It's Mr. Roger's fault for washing his hands before each new segment. You always answer a question with a question? It's Yoko Ono's fault for breaking up the Beatles!

Sometimes it's not as easy to pin the blame on somebody else. The Hebrews had this problem. That's where the term scapegoat comes from, in fact. I'm sure you've all heard this before: through a ritual of prayer, blood sprinkling, and, of course, blaming, the Jews would symbolically transfer responsibility onto a goat for all the wrong doings they couldn't otherwise vindicate. Then, they would run the goat off a cliff.

Well, unfortunately it isn't as practical anymore to find a goat every time we need to point the finger. What if we chose something more indigenous to Utah Valley? Say, for example, the scone. The scapescone, as we could call it, makes for an abundant and inexpensive alternative to the scapegoat. After a bad week, you buy a honey buttered scone and stand atop Squaw Peak, or even the roof of your apartment. You cry, "This scapescone is for my 43% on the Econ test, the power going out, and my fly being down all morning!" Then hurl the scapescone to its ritual death. There, don't you feel better?



Western Culture Meets Yogurt Culture

The whole thing started when somebody wrote a letter to the *Daily Universe* complaining about the yogurt.

Somebody else wrote a letter back saying that the first person should shut up about the yogurt because there are 26,000 people who would love to come to BYU and have rotten yogurt, which is a pretty sound argument if you ask me. After reading the second letter, I was so disgusted with the whole situation I knew I had to leave town. I tell you this so you'll understand why it's the *Daily Universe's* fault that I found myself country dancing in Las Vegas last weekend.

I didn't really intend to country dance, it just sort of happened. My roommate and I were in Las Vegas escaping Utah (yogurt scandal and all) and visiting Bentley, a longtime friend, when the phone rang. It was a woman! She told Bentley that she was going country dancing in a few hours and that he was expected to attend also. Bentley hung up the phone and said, "Hey guys, we're going country dancing tonight!" My roommate (who will hereafter be known as Scott) shot a desperate glance in my direction. Bentley left the room. When the coast was clear, Scott spoke, "We're not *really* going country dancing, are we." I assured him, "Don't worry, I'll talk to Bent and we'll straighten everything out." Upon talking to Bentley, I realized that his heart was intent on this whole dancing thing, so I made a desperate move. "Bentley? I'm running short on cash this weekend and was hoping to do as many cheap things as possible. So I don't think I'll be able to..." Bentley didn't even let me finish my sentence "Don't worry about it, Matt, this one's on me." Drat! There was no polite way out of this one now.

Apparently there is something of a uniform for country dancing, a detail that escaped me as I left the house in my black t-shirt, Georgetown baseball hat, gross jeans, and Bass moccasins. I thought nothing of it because my friends were dressed the same way, but as we walked through the parking lot that led to the Palladium it became obvious that we had no clue how to dress for a night o' country dancing. Our first clue that we might stick out: a bumper sticker on a pickup truck that said, "Wrangler butts drive me nuts." Soon we found ourselves waiting in line with the cast of the "Achy Breaky Heart" video. We grew somewhat uncomfortable.

In a few short minutes we were inside the Palladium—a gigantic club whose size falls somewhere between that of a large supermarket and the country of Liechtenstein. There were imitation cattle along the walls and the music was being played out of an 18-wheeler truck. We soon found the party of females we were looking for. They seemed happy to see us and insisted we take the floor for the next line dance. Scott and I explained that we were from New York and really had no clue how to country dance, but Bentley found himself being dragged onto the mass of wriggling cowboys. While Bentley took his place on the floor, Scott and I found some chairs right next to the action. The song began and everyone started doing a dance that I can only assume they had all practiced together earlier in the week. *Everyone* knew the steps to the dance and everyone also seemed to know what to yell between each verse of the song. At first Scott and I couldn't tell what they were shouting, but after a while it became apparent that they were shouting an unprintable term that referred to the solid waste of cattle. All of the sudden this country dancing thing didn't seem so foreign. We'd learned *that* in New York. Perhaps there would be another dance that would allow us to give people the finger. This was getting good.

The "Flip Everybody Off" song never materialized, so we devoted our efforts to people watching. We quickly noticed that country dancing seemed to attract very large people. I stand nearly six feet tall, but I was dwarfed by most of the guys in the club. As a matter of fact, I was shorter than many of the *females* in the club. Perhaps tapping one's heels and toes promotes the release of growth hormones or something. While

see "Culture" on page 8

Noise

Cheap Entertainment: The SR Spring Ding Thang

Few who were in attendance will forget the madcap festivities of last semester's benefit concert, the Halloween Wing Ding. In fact, we at the *Review* had so much fun that we had to do another before finals got the better of all of us. So we bring you this semester's benefit concert bash: The SR Spring Ding Thang (that's a long A in "thang," in case you're curious).

As you may have noticed, there are a lot of shows coming to Utah over the next few weeks. But none of them offer this kind of line-up for so little money. And none of them will raise money for your favorite non-profit, independent forum for student thought. Like last time, we managed to get some good up-and-coming local talent for your ears. On the bill are: Salt Lake City's Mayberry, Swimpigs, Quinn Luke (of Nectar fame) performing unplugged with his sister Tiffany, and Ritual.

You've read in here before about Provo's punk-jazz Swimpigs, so you know how much we love them. The thing is, Swimpigs keep writing new material, so their sets just get more and more interesting and

unpredictable. Plus, they might do a Blood, Sweat, and Tears-type jam session with Quinn if everybody is well-behaved. We'll see.

Unless you've been asleep for the past six months, you've probably already seen Quinn play with Nectar. But, after holding his own opening up for Kim Simpson, his funky acoustic set is causing a buzz as well. And when his sister Tiffany sings home-grown harmonies along side, everything seems to be right in the world.

Unfortunately, Provo has not seen as much of Mayberry. So now it's time we let you in on something you might not already know—Mayberry will be Utah's next export. Already getting jockeyed by major labels and written up in CMJ and elsewhere, Mayberry shouldn't really be a secret. They just don't come to Provo that often. Tracks off their debut EP, *Eight*, are getting played on X96's Locals Only show. Mayberry play straight ahead, guitar-driven rock. Though their sound is tough, it is tempered by careful vocal harmonies and well-timed breaks, setting

them apart from other young bands. Musically, they are mature beyond their years. Still, they kick it out.

Provo's Ritual is another hard-driving, well-kept secret, probably due to only occasional gigging at best. The high-energy, distorted vocals rant with pain and anger. The grinding guitar churns out a frothy buzz. And the rhythm section pulses like an erratic jackhammer. Ritual brings to music a melding of Star Wars and Jurassic Park with their prehistoric use of modern electronics. The resulting industrial concoction is infectious, danceable, and cathartic as good therapy.

Be at The Edge early Saturday—5pm, to be exact—so as not to miss any of the action. Admission is a scant five bucks and it gets you into The Edge for the night. So after four hours of live music, you can stay for three (four, if you count the coat check) floors of Colledge Night dancing at no extra charge. Plus, there have been rumors of a visit from the Easter Bunny of Doom with her basket of prizes. Come, and you'll help the *Review* while shaking your booty for cheap money.

Get a Live Case of The Blues Explosion

by Sam Cannon

It's been said they "expand the sonic threshold" when they play live. It's been said they make so much noise they don't even need a bass player. It's been said that Jon Spencer's married to one of the hottest women on the planet, Christina Martinez. But that's beside the point.

The point is, what good are you if you don't see The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion at least once in your life?

The Blues Explosion is Jon Spencer's follow-up to Pussy Galore, which has since split into a million splinter bands around New York City (Royal Trux, Mosquito, Loudspeaker, The Honeymoon Killers, to name just some). He also moonlights with Boss Hog, his wife's band. (Christina is not only beautiful, she sings too.) Pussy Galore went on the assumption that everything had already been done that could be done in rock world. The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion gets back to the roots, when rock and roll was still a twinkle in the eye of Ma and Pa Blues.

Jon Spencer sings, plays guitar and theremin (a Russian hand organ which sounds like a Hammond that's been left out in the rain). Russell Simins plays drums. He and Jon met at a Honeymoon Killers rehearsal. Judah Bauer plays the six-string. Together they make what really could best be described as a pure, economical, well...explosion.

On *Extra Width*, the second Blues Explosion album, Jon Spencer takes blues into the backseat of a '74 Plymouth Fury and steams up the windows real good. You've got deep bursts of guitar, dirty organ chords, the simple drumkit-that-could, and Mr. Spencer (and I call him that out of respect) barking and howling like a drunken bulldog. How else are you going to deliver a line like: "You and I / Got a natural history / Of lies."

The Blues Explosion record their albums live. So what you hear on *Extra Width* is pretty close to what you get on stage. On "Inside the World of the Blues Explosion," a bottle provides percussion until it breaks. On "Soul Typecast," Jon coughs after hitting a long opening note. No gimmicks.

The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion can turn a stage the size of a throw rug into a blazing fireball and scorch everybody within earshot.

Don't believe me? See for yourself. The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion will be performing at Spanky's Cinema Bar on Monday March 28th. Swimpigs will be opening the show at 9:30. And it's all for the low, low price of \$5.00 at the door.

LUNAr Tunes

by Persephone

I became captivated a few years ago by the raspy warbles of Dean Wareham, now lunar captain, when he played a mean guitar for Galaxie 500 and crooned that it was time to "Leave the Planet." Well, he brought along his guitar and is now further exploring the universe with Luna. Paying stylistic homage to such revered greats as Neil Young, the Velvet Underground, and the lesser-known-yet-ever-cosmic Spacemen 3, Dean and his new band will groove you to the stars.

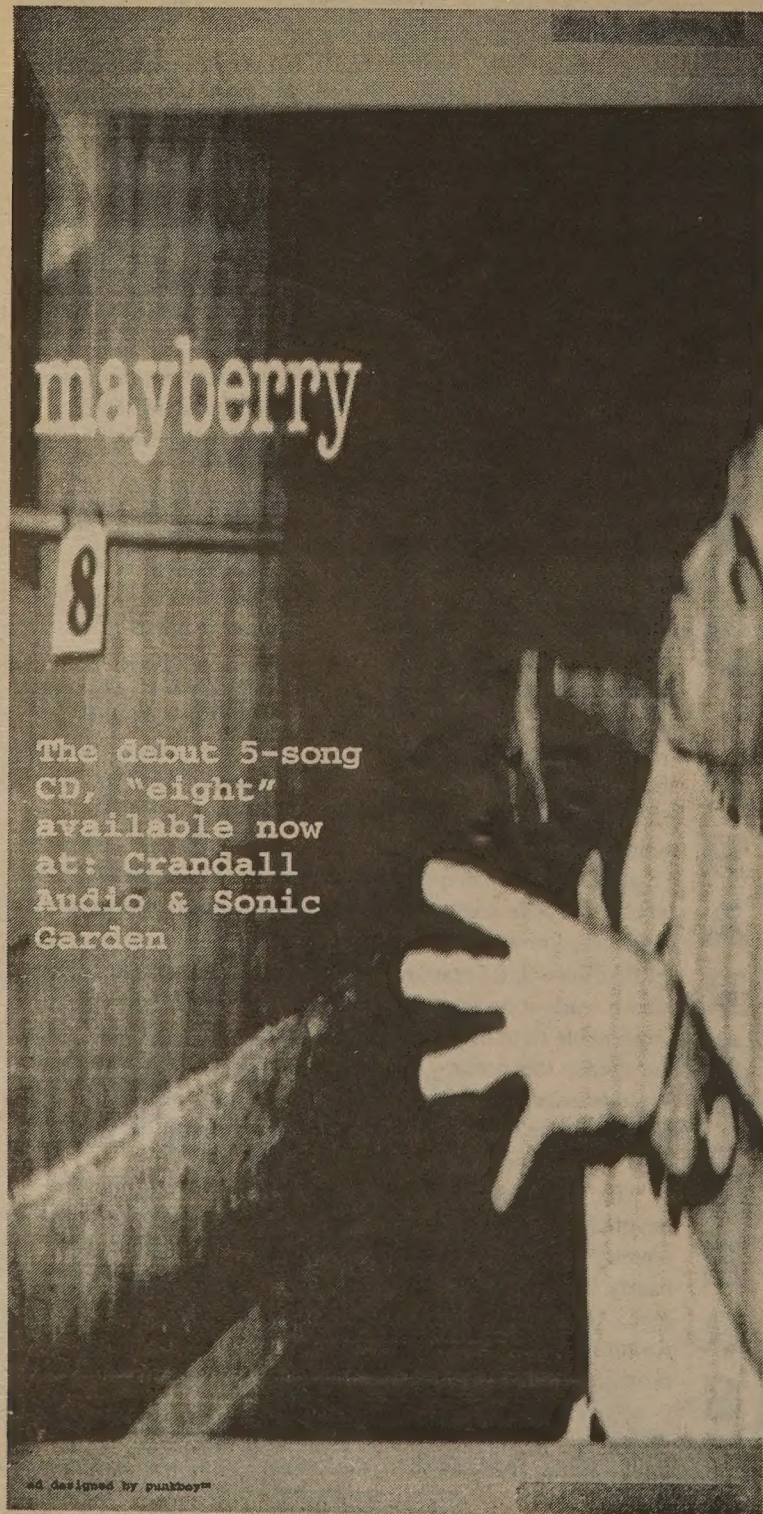
Luna was formed in 1992 following Dean's brief, but worthwhile, solo project. With Stanley Demeski (originally of the Feelies) on drums and cymbals and Justin Harwood on bass, the band released their debut *Lunapark*, which has recently been followed by *Bewitched*, their progressive sophomore effort. Guitarist Sean Eden has been added to the roster for this one, and a couple tracks feature the veteran expertise of Velvet Underground guitarist Sterling Morrison. With the help of Sterling, Luna have adopted the rigorous sparseness of VU and taken it to a gentler, more space age dimension.

Along with (though not a result of) the additional musicians has come a distinctive surf bent and innocent psychedelia. Though aptly described as a meeting of the Ventures and the Grateful Dead, Luna lacks the frolicky runs of the former and the bluesy grit of the latter. What is discovered in Luna is a relaxed and blissful middle-ground, a hook-filled, surfy-psychedelic pop.

While Luna's instrumentation is often effervescent with a light smattering of Wonka sounds and an appropriate amount of reverberation, the lyrics treat grim themes with the cool sense that everything is alright. In the title song, Dean describes the girl of his dreams: "Her sleep is troubled / Her face will twitch / She wakes up angry / And I'm bewitched." In the song "Going Home," inanimate objects express childlike forgiveness akin to Dean's feelings toward the lover who cheated: "The Chrysler building was talking to the Empire State / The Twin Towers were talking to each other, saying / All is forgiven, I love you still."

Unlike his slightly chafing whine in Galaxie 500, Dean has developed a more mellow, enriched tone. Dean's vocals can be low and soothing as in "Sleeping Pill" or retain a pubescent twanginess as in the lead single "Tiger Lily." His singing is much like that of Roger Waters (ex-Pink Floyd bassist and vocalist) at his best, or a juvenile Neil Young.

Luna will showcase their catchy, dreamy pop in Utah as they open for Cocteau Twins at Saltair on March 26. If Dean Wareham's stellar performance in live Galaxie 500 shows is any indication, Luna is a trip not to miss.



An Interview with The Posies

by Brian Garff, Tyler Norton, Eric Anderson and Cris Perez



Certainly a breath of fresh air from Seattle, The Posies have garnered wide critical acclaim for their frying pan pop. And though the critics have been comparing them to The Beatles for years, the public is just starting to catch on. Last year's *Frosting On The Beater* proves that The Posies do a more than adequate job in the studio. Still, they step it up a notch on stage with near-legendary performances.

So the four of us made the trek to The Posies' hometown of Bellingham, Washington to attend the band's penultimate show (Provo will be their last) before they start working full time on a new album. The following is an excerpt from an interview we had with Ken and Dave before the show.

SR: We've heard that you have a new album coming out in the fall. What's the status with that?
Ken: That's our target date.
Dave: That's impossible.
Ken: Actually our target date is August thirtieth, believe it or not, which right now we're completely on schedule for.

SR: Is it going to contain old stuff, or stuff you write on the road?
Ken: It's stuff we're coming up with whenever we're home. When I get off the plane I think, 'Oh good, I've got two weeks off.' And then I think, 'No I don't. I have to write songs the entire time I'm here.'

SR: That's different from the songs you've put on *Failure* and *Dear 23*. Some of those songs were probably years old, is that right?

Ken: That depends. John demoed "Apology" in the studio while we were recording *Dear 23* and then we just replaced everything but his vocals and guitar and put it on *Dear 23*. It was an idea from a song that I had written and John adapted. So some of the idea had been around for awhile. It really depends.

Dave: Well, you wrote "Flood of Sunshine" at about age 14.

Ken: Yeah, I wrote "Flood of Sunshine" when I was a wee, wee

lad.

SR: What can we expect from the new album?

Ken: Its hard to say. Every time we have gone into making a record in the past, it has come out a lot different than we expected, either for better or for worse. It will be the first record where the complete band line-up who has toured and played together is going to be recording. With *Dear 23* we had never really toured and didn't have a lot of experience in a lot of ways. On *Frosting*, we didn't get Dave until three-fourths of the way through making it.

SR: Ken, where did you and John meet?

Ken: John and I met in a music store in town. I was in this band with my friend Chip since I was twelve or thirteen, and we heard about this hot new guitar player who'd moved back to Bellingham and I said 'Hey, we gotta check this guy out.' We were just kind of talking about him, so we went to this music store, just to go hang out. And right around this era they had on their marquee, "John Auer, most improved guitarist, 1982." So we went in there and

there's John playing Rush solos. And Chip looks at me and says, "You're a lead singer." I had been playing guitar up until that point.
SR: So those were the garage days so to speak.

Ken: Basement, yeah. But not The Posies. This was a totally different band. We were playing mostly covers and we did play a few shows, like a school bake sale in eighth grade. But once John joined our band I don't think we actually ever played a show. We just kept jamming in our drummer's basement. John was thirteen and I was fourteen. But it kind of fell apart. Then when John made it to high school a year later, we became pals and did lots of different musical stuff together, but under different premises than the Posies. Posie sort of stuff started happening when I went off to college, started writing songs, and John and I started comparing notes.

SR: Where did you go to college?
Ken: The University of Washington.

SR: Was John there with you?

Ken: No. I'm a year older. So I went off to college and he was still finishing high school. We just sent each other tapes and he would come down to hang out every now and then. Pretty soon we figured we should form a band because we kept writing all these songs. We started looking for people in Bellingham and Seattle to form a band with and nobody would do it. John had a studio in his house that he and I would always go hang out in after school. We recorded *Failure* there. That's why there were just two of us—we couldn't find any band mates.

SR: Who played the drums on that?

Ken: John played drums and I played bass. The guitar and singing we split up. We started

working on that in 1987 and finished early in 1988. We put it out on cassette and right after that we met Mike, our drummer, and Rick, our old bass player.

SR: Are they from Bellingham?

Ken: Seattle. Actually they are from Bellevue, which is Dave's neck of the woods.

SR: Dave, how did you come into the picture?

Dave: It's a big f—ing mistake.

SR: We were told you answered an ad that said "Bus Wanted" and then they taught you how to play the bass.

Dave: Right.

SR: What happened to Rick Roberts?

Ken: He's still alive. We kind of asked him to skidaddle around the end of '91.

SR: Why?

Ken: He really wanted to do his own thing, and trying to fit that into The Posies was not really working out. His songs were a lot different than ours in a way that made things kinda tense. And he always wanted to play guitar instead of bass and was always bitching about that. If not openly bitching he was openly bummed that he wasn't the guitar player or the singer or the songwriter. So we said, "You should probably go do that." And now he does.

SR: You've been compared to The Beatles a lot. What kind of influence have they had on your music?

Ken: We're a lot more favored than The Beatles so I assume if there's an influence it is the other way around. But I was just talking to the owner of one of the local record stores about how I used to go there in seventh grade, hang out after school and pilfer lunch money to buy Beatles albums. So I guess at one point they were certainly central to my existence, though I have branched out since then. I was really into The Smiths

in high school as well.

SR: Wasn't John really into Depeche Mode?

Ken: I think so.

Dave: All these guys are into that new wave stuff.

SR: Its interesting to listen to the differences between *Dear 23* and *Frosting*. Both are terrific. But after hearing you live, it seems that *Frosting* is truer to your live sound.

Ken: I would say so.

SR: Were you disappointed with the sound of *Dear 23*? With John Leckie producing it, did you feel like you had to cater more to him?

Ken: We were probably thinking of making a record more like *Frosting*. We just didn't know how. I guess we deferred a lot to his ideas in production when maybe we shouldn't have. But we were so freaked out about making a record, we were in awe. But we sought him out. We were big fans of records he'd done: Stone Roses, XTC, all that kind of stuff. Then to find out he'd worked on [Pink Floyd's] *Dark Side of the Moon* was intriguing to us.

SR: What's the best song you've ever written?

Ken: Some of the songs I wrote for my high school band, The Genetic Defects, probably contain my finest work. We had a song called "Penis Between Us," which was an excellent song.

SR: Didn't you write a song about a dentist?

Ken: Yes. "Homosexual Dentist." I can't say I'm too proud of that one. But it's kind of funny, in a totally non-p.c. way.

SR: We've heard you cover songs by The Germs. Are they available?

Ken: There's a Germs tribute that's not out yet, and a Devo tribute that's not out yet that we play on. There's some other stuff

see "Posies" pg. 8

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CO EXCHANGE

Arts & Letters

Atticus Reviews: Atlas Shrugged

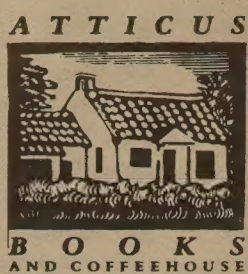
by Dave Seiter

Over thirty-five years after its initial publication, Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* remains a part of the popular canon, especially among college students who find in Rand's novels an entertaining and convincing vehicle for philosophic exploration. As the college years have traditionally been a time for free thinking and questioning, reading Rand has become a rite of passage of sorts for American students—appropriate in light of the observation that a taste for Rand must be acquired early or not at all. Many who do acquire a taste become cultish and fanatical in their devotion to Rand and her philosophy, which she calls "objectivism." A club even exists for people who seriously study Rand's philosophy. These see Rand as a visionary and the application of her principles vital to America's salvation. Though many find their introduction to Rand's philosophy in her novel *The Fountainhead*, Rand states that it "was only an overture to *Atlas Shrugged*." In *Atlas Shrugged*, Rand "answers the many questions about the wider application of *The Fountainhead*'s ideas." Her other novels then, are merely sermons to the converted who hungrily devour everything Rand has written.

Although *Atlas Shrugged* remains a must-read for the "complete" college experience, scholars increasingly denounce the work as impractical and grotesquely oversimplified. They see Rand's philosophy as wholly unfounded and write the author off as radical, even maniacal. As the reading public and academicians alike once regarded Rand as an intellectual and philosophical pioneer, she is now dismissed off-handedly by intellectual and philosophical elitists. And although many see *Atlas Shrugged* as a denunciation of the American liberal, even conservatives are unlikely to embrace its full implications. More than mere fashion, however, these arguments have some merit. It is easy to make fun of *Atlas Shrugged* and Rand's philosophies in general. Our current political and social climate is quite different than it was when Rand was writing. And it is certainly less black and white than Rand or any of us would like to believe, as is *Atlas Shrugged* itself. With that in mind, a third look at *Atlas Shrugged*, one that sees strengths as well as faults, has become both useful and timely.

Knowing a little about Rand is helpful in understanding *Atlas Shrugged*. She was born in Europe and decided at the age of nine to be a writer. She graduated from a European college with a major in history and a minor in philosophy. She then moved to America because, as she writes, "this was the country based on my moral premises and the only country where one could be fully free to write." She came alone and worked odd jobs until writing became profitable. "My philosophy, in essence, is the concept of man as a heroic being, with his own happiness as the moral purpose of his life, with productive achievement as his noblest activity, and reason as his only absolute." Such a summary is easy enough to digest on its own terms but the reader soon discovers that its simplicity is deceptive and Rand's application of such a nutshell philosophy may not be as palatable.

Atlas Shrugged tells a story of political



corruption and economic collapse in middle twentieth century America. When the American government begins to place unwise controls on industry "for the good of the people," the major industrialists, one by one, refuse to participate and abandon the world for their self-made Utopia in the Rockies. This passive revolt is orchestrated by John Galt who, when he discovers the destructive nature of the people's actions, swore he would "stop the motor of the world."

Like Robert Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, *Atlas Shrugged* is a novel of ideas. The plot serves only as a vehicle for the philosophy. The difference, however, is that while the plot in *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* is sparse and more than a little weak, the plot of *Atlas Shrugged* is engaging and the prose is well done. Rand's artistry is found in her ability to accurately illuminate the most sublime moments of human experience. She is successful in writing philosophical fiction at least as far as her ability to meld classical ideas with romantic imagery—both remain vivid and usually work together synergistically rather than compete for space. Some posit that the popularity of *Atlas Shrugged* is more attributable to Rand's writing talent than her ideology. But at nearly eleven hundred pages, the pace is glacial, the style repetitious and predictable. Rand is overzealous in making her point and the text often feels manipulative and one-dimensional. Still, the imagery of *Atlas Shrugged* is enticing and serves as more than a garnish to its food for thought.

Regardless of the imagery, however, thoughtful readers will pick and choose their way through Rand's cornucopia of political and philosophical assertions. Throughout *Atlas Shrugged*, she extols capitalism over altruism (placing them as mutually exclusive opposites), Aristotle over Plato, America over Europe, industry over nature, greed over selflessness, individualism over authority, justice over mercy, pride over humility, reason over mysticism, and intellect over instinct and emotion. To Rand, religion is irrational and disempowering. Rights are not a gift of government or society. Practicality is the yardstick of value. Disrespect of intelligence forces a respect of brutality. Achievements of the mind are the pinnacle of existence with rational happiness and objective self-esteem its object.

The novel also contains some interesting ideas on sexual desire and conduct. Rand suggests that "proper" sexuality is a product of one's ideals. Sex is the highest form of expression when it is in alliance with one's values, and the worst depravity when in contradiction to them. Seemingly inconsistent with such noble ideas, however, are many savage and almost violent sexual encounters.

Similar ideas are presented about art. Art must conform, respond, and pay tribute to reason to be valuable. Artists are not presented in as high a light as productive and pragmatic industrialists, although one of Galt's followers is an accomplished and inspiring piano composer. Art for art's sake is deplorable. Even Rand herself uses the art of writing only as a vehicle for her philosophy.

The overwhelming doctrine of *Atlas Shrugged*, however, is the superiority of pure, laissez-faire capitalism. An overtly McCarthyistic view of collective societies is presented and, while applicable to socialism and the United Order, is espe-

cially aimed at communism. Rand sees the role of government as that of a police officer: to protect the people's self-defense without unnecessary constraints. Rand asserts repeatedly that people benefit greatly from each other in an industrial society. Their efforts are exponentially productive because of the efforts and achievements of others—not by leeching off them, but by working hard, contributing, and trading. Rand describes a mutually advantageous trade in which neither party sacrifices and in which selfishness is the operating principle. Rand's citation of collectivism relies on the premise that when rewards are not a direct and immediate result of initiative, intelligence, and even selfishness, the system will fail. Rand does not desire equality. The theme of uncontrolled capitalism over any sort or degree of collectivism is embodied in the heroes' use of the American dollar sign as their symbol. Unfortunately, Rand's economic policy of literally "every man for himself" makes no provisions for the helpless youth, elderly or handicapped.

Atlas Shrugged lends itself quite susceptible to feminist criticism. Gender issues, however, are clouded by some interesting twists. Dagny Taggart, the protagonist of the novel, like all its prominent characters, is of mythic proportions. She is enormously talented and capable of running the intercontinental Taggart Railroad. But although Dagny is strong, intelligent, and beautiful, she is one of only a handful of female characters that appear in the novel, and certainly the only one with such qualities. In addition, her strengths are depicted as male qualities and she is often condescending toward other females. And though she is extremely successful in her business pursuits, she is unable to speak with the power and authority of her male counterparts d'Anconia and Galt, whose voices are Rand's in proclaiming the "truth." Rand writes that Dagny possessed "the most feminine of all aspects: the look of being chained." And when her brother's new wife tells her that she is now the woman in the family, Dagny replies, "That's quite all right. I'm the man." Galt, in his epic speech to the general populace, says, "Live like a man." In short, the female is strong by being masculine.

Alternately, Hank Rearden, an enormously successful steel industrialist, serves as a sort of feminine icon for the novel. He embodies many of the ideals that Rand extols but is suppressed by society's expectations of him. He loves his work more than his family and is burdened by them. He is completely self-made and must fight the odds to succeed in a society whose institutions work against him. And though he is ultimately successful in his business and moral pursuits, in the end he submits himself to Dagny's love for Galt. Ironically, Rand is sympathetic to the plight of today's women through her depiction of Rearden, who represents them in many ways.

Atlas Shrugged provides plenty of material of particular interest among Latter-day Saints. To begin with, John Galt can be seen as a Christ figure. Every aspect of Galt is portrayed in a divine light—he can do no wrong. He is the first to recognize the so-called evils that are taking place and it is his philosophy that the other heroes of the novel follow. He proclaims the "truth" and leads his followers to an invisible, promised land. He possesses extraordinary wisdom and scientific knowledge which

empowers him and those he trusts it with. Toward the end, he is bound by his arms and legs to an electronic torture machine and his disciples, Dagny, Rearden, d'Anconia, and others save him. His injuries make him a martyr but he soon heals and continues to lead them. Through Galt, Rand exhorts us to accept our own fallibility and asserts that an error made on one's own is safer than ten truths accepted on faith. (This is a part of Galt's denunciation of blind faith.) At the same time, however, people should discard that unlimited license to evil which consists of claiming that man is imperfect. People should demand perfection of themselves, but only by their own well-founded standards. And they should learn to understand the difference between errors of knowledge and breaches of morality—immorality being willful evasion or contradiction to knowledge. Rand denounces moral wavering and mindless pleasure, using drinking and sexual abandon as examples. And she suggests that there are answers to everything and that the unanswerable and unknowable is a mythic crutch.

Christian parallels are also found as Rand speaks of the "hero within the soul." Through her characters, she states that "happiness is the result of one's loyalty to the achievement of their values," as opposed to mindless self-indulgence. She writes that "happiness is the moral purpose of life" and that "life is a purposeful struggle." Reminiscent of the thirteenth Article of Faith is Galt's urgency to, "Fight with the radiant certainty and the absolute rectitude of knowing that yours is the battle for any achievement, any value, any grandeur, any goodness, any joy that has ever existed on this earth." One of the prevailing themes of the novel is that one should not be afraid to act alone for what they know is right. People's expectations or claims on one should be of no significance if that person is ultimately true to him or herself. This is seen in *Atlas Shrugged* on both a personal and monumental level as the heroes fight "the system." The presentation of a successful, non-violent attack on "the system" is certainly one of the attractions to many young people who feel discontent with our society.

Atlas Shrugged has been called "science fiction for the age of inflation," and as such is worthy of attention. However, it is certainly not requisite that *Atlas Shrugged* be read with complete conviction. There is little doubt that it contains some ill-founded principles. But despite its failures, *Atlas Shrugged* contains lucid imagery, enjoyable prose, and certainly a lot of provocative food for thought. It presents attractively some very sound ideas.

It is time, then, to take a third look at *Atlas Shrugged*. It would be foolish to fall headlong for Rand's Objectivism. Yet, those who simply dismiss Ayn Rand and her work as extreme or radical refuse to examine or think for themselves as the novel would have them do. They are afraid to see past the faults and pull the truth from the rubbish. Ultimately, they do not trust themselves against Ayn Rand.

Atlas Shrugged is available at Atticus Books, located across from University Mall at 1132 South State Street in Orem, 226-5544. There isn't a finer bookstore in all of Utah Valley. Support your local independent bookseller.

Grilled Cheese, Please

by Emily Carlson

It's nearing midnight and you're only three paragraphs into your end-of-the-semester, thirty page research paper. You're dying for something to eat. Something good, cheap, and fast. Ramen noodles won't cut it, and neither will your customary p.b. and j. What you need is a grilled cheese sandwich.

Before you yawn, wondering if there is a difference between the standard grilled cheese and the standard late night peanutbutter and jelly, let me ease your mind and say there isn't. But I'm not asking you to whip up the standard grilled cheese sandwich. I'm telling you to put those crazy, late-night impulses to work and concoct the grilled cheese to end all grilled cheese.

To start out, may I recommend a good bread. Since it is late at night, where insanity plays a part in the definition of good, a couple of slabs of any bread-like substance will do. Cornbread is one of my favorites, but don't rule out bagels of all flavors, tortillas (both corn and flour), and, of course, good, old-fashioned whole wheat.

Now that you've got your bread handy, the fun begins. Remember, kids, this is no ordinary sandwich-making venture you're about to embark on. Toss out any ideas about filling the void between your two slices of bread with a wilted, dejected-looking slice of processed cheese. And if you're going for the fat-free sandwich, don't blame me if you end up with two laminated slices of bread. (For those of you not up on fat-free cheese, don't start. It's sort-of like a combo of rubber and plastic. Not too tasty.)

Instead, select your cheese from the many splendid varieties: one of the three degrees of cheddar (mild, medium, sharp), mozzarella, Monterey Jack, Romano, ricotta, feta, the list goes on and on. Being the passionate Italian-food buff that I am, I like to choose a combo of mozzarella, parmesan, and ricotta and lay them thickly on a crusty French bread and then top the grilled delicacy with a marinara sauce. (Okay, so this was on a night I had an especially boring paper and felt like taking an especially long break.)

However, you don't need to be that fancy. Sometimes a mere homely mixture of cheese with a few vegetables thrown in here and there will suffice. Last semester while dining at the grilled cheese guru's house, I discovered just how delightful a little sautéed eggplant in a grilled cheese can be. Other vegetables not to be



overlooked: broccoli, spinach (esp. when coupled with ricotta cheese), onions, mushrooms, zucchini, green peppers, and grated carrots. The key to success here is the five to ten minutes these vegetables spend bathing in butter or olive oil.

Once you've assembled your sandwich, heat your frying pan for about five minutes before you drop your heavily buttered two-sided product in. This insures an

immediate sizzling sound, adding excitement to your anticipation. Be sure to brown both sides enough to keep a crunchy outside and a soft and stringy inside. There's nothing more disappointing than eating either a rock-hard or a mushy grilled cheese.

If you aren't into grilling your cheese sandwich for whatever reason, an open-faced broiled cheese sandwich will also ease your midday or midnight hunger. This variety is also healthier and a very viable alternative for the calorie conscious. The process is much the same, only eliminate the butter/frying part. Instead, heap a single slice of your chosen bread high with everything but the microwave, ending with your favorite cheese. Stick this mess into an oven set on broil until your cheese has thoroughly melted. Take it out and enjoy.

With your grilled (or broiled) sandwich sitting in front of you, there is but one thing left to do: dig in. Let the cheese squish between your teeth, and don't forget to smack your greasy lips in delight. Wash it all down with a glass of milk, OJ, water, or whatever else that is liquid and handy. Now you can return to your paper with gusto, never forgetting your too brief repast.

Emily's Cancer-Fighting Open-Faced Cheese Sandwich

1/2 cup broccoli
a few slices of onion
1/4 cup grated carrot
1 Tbsp. olive oil
a handful of your favorite nut
grated monteray jack and cheddar
cheese 1 thick slice of homemade,
whole wheat bread

Sauté the broccoli, onion, carrots, and nuts in the olive oil until the broccoli turns bright green. Transfer to your pre-toasted slice of bread and sprinkle the cheese on top. Broil until cheese melts. Serve this single serving sandwich with apple slices and celery sticks. Your body will love you for it.

Poetry

Imperatives

Zion National Park, February, 1992

Turn into Zion, making jokes
About the Promised Land. Drive
Past the rock vendors, the condos
A sign for blueberry pancakes.
Show me where your father
Hit the deer last summer.
Stop at Preacher's Pulpit,
Grin through your beard, say
This is where God will come.
He will speak to us, His hair
White and long, and a gold cord
Around his waist.

Walk me up the Narrows, tracing
Leaves stained blue and pink
Against the diminishing
Walls of layered stone.
Make a whistle from reeds,
Soak your boots in the wet brush.
Watch the water build behind
Fallen rocks and logs, debris, say
I'll build a home on the crest.
I'll keep a goat, eat fish,
Send you letters carved
Into stone tablets.

I'll wait by the fence, adjusting
My sandals, a smudge of
Red dust on my cheek,
Quoting scriptures about meat
And sleeping. We'll kneel
At the edge of the parking lot,
Bow to the back of the Pulpit.
I'll take your hand, raise it, say
We will gather here.
The walls will open, a window to
A temple, and we will
Sing with out heads bare.

Babs Norfolk

(if i)

if i
were
the KING
of the
forest,
i wouldn't
be a
lion
with a
mane
and a
roar,
i'd be
a
lizard-fish.

Bradley Iverson

(grin a)

grin a
grin as i
say "i'm
not naked!
I have
boxing gloves
on. they're
on my hands.
i'm not
fighting,
simply
smacking a
bag and
laughing,
dancing and
laughing
and smiling
happy, because
i'd be naked
without
these boxing
gloves on."

Bradley Iverson

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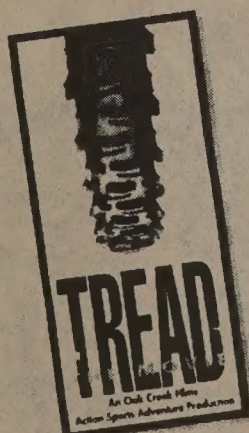
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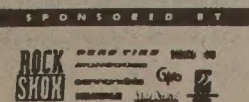
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STUDENT REVIEW

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Calendar

If you would like something in the calendar please call Rebekah at 377-8960. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the Wednesday you would like it to appear.

THEATRE, DANCE & FILM

The Wakefield Passion Play, Mar 23-26, 7:30 pm, Margetts Theatre, BYU, medieval religious drama, tickets, 378-7447.
International Cinema, Mar 22-26, La Triviata (opera in Italian), Mister Johnson (English); SWKT, BYU.
Thus Spoke Zarathustra, thru March, Falling Skys Theatre, 1519 S Major St, SLC, 583-6414.
Scapino!, Mar 23-Apr 2, Pioneer Thatre Company, SLC, 581-6961 for tickets & times.
David Mamet's Oleanna, Mar 23-Apr 17, Salt Lake Acting Company, for tickets and info 355-ARTS.
The Sheik, Mar 23-May 14, Desert Star Playhouse, 4861 State, Murray, 266-7600.
Of Mice and Men, Mar 24-Apr 2, 7:30 pm, Pardoe Theatre BYU, tickets 378-7447.
Tower Theater, Mar 25-31, "The Accompanist" & "Naked," 876 E 900 S, SLC, 461-3399.
Scarlet Pimpernel, till Apr 4, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.
Bundle of Trouble, till April 11, Hale Center Theatre in Orem, 226 W 400 N, call 266-8600 for tickets and times.
1993-4 Pardoe Theatre Series, call 378-3875 for info and tickets, shows are, starting 24 Mar-Apr 1: Of Mice

& Men; 26 May-June 4: Scapin; 21 July-Aug 6: Philadelphia, Here I Come.

CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theatre, 56 N University Ave, 373-4470.
Avalon Theatre, 3605 S State, Murray, 226-0258.
Carillon Square Theatres, Orem, 224-5112.
Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.
International Cinema, 250 SKWT, BYU, 378-5751.
Scera Theatre, 745 S State, Orem, 235-2560.
Tower Theatre, 875 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234.
Varsity Theatres, ELWC & JSB, BYU, 378-3311.
Villa Theatre, 254 S Main, Springville, 489-3088.

CONCERTS & LIVE MUSIC

Jazz Ensemble, Mar 23, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, tickets 378-4322.
Flute Choir, Mar 23, 9 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, FREE.
Richard Thompson, Mar 23, Saltair, tickets at Smith's tix, 800-888-TIXX.
Blind Melon, Dig, & Alice Donut, Mar 24, Saltair, tickets at Smith's tix, 800-888-TIXX.
Crash Test Dummies with Mae More, Mar 24, DV8, 115 S West Temple, SLC, 539-8400, tickets at Crandell Audio.
Dixieland Band & Jazz Ensemble, Mar 24, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, FREE.

Christiann Savage, Mar 25, 8 pm, Cafe Haven, State St (Orem), 221-9910, this is (managing editor) Jenn's friend and she's AWESOME so come listen (acoustic guitar)!
Cocteau Twins & Luna, Mar 25, Saltair, tickets at Smith's tix, 800-888-TIXX.
Maureen McGovern, Mar 25 & 26, Abravanel Hall, tickets 533-NOTE.
Matthew Harding, Mar 25 & 26, Pier 54, 117 N University Ave (Provo), 377-5454.
Student Review Benefit Concert, Mar 26, 5-9 pm, basement of The Edge, 153 W Center (Provo), four bands plus dancing afterwards: Swim Pigs, Tiff & Quinn, Mayberry, & Ritual, \$5.
Gypsy Moth, Mar 26, Mama's Cafe, 840 N 700 E (Provo), 373-1525.
Band Festival, Mar 26, 8 am-6 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, BYU, tickets 378-4322.
The Posies, Permanent Green Light, Nectar & The Obvious, Mar 28, The Edge, 153 W Center, Provo, \$9.60 in advance, tickets at Sonic Garden, 37-Sonic.
Big Fuzz Mumu, Mar 29, Mama's Cafe, 840 N 700 E (Provo), 373-1525.
Symphony Orchestra of BYU, Mar 29, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, BYU, 378-4322.
Fishbone, Biohazard & Kyuss, Mar 30, DV8, 115 S West Temple, SLC, 539-8400, tickets at Crandell Audio.
Big Head Todd & the Monsters with Freddy Jones, Mar 31, Saltair, tickets at Smith's tix, 800-888-TIXX.

EVENTS, ETC.

Utah Jazz v. Orlando, Mar 23, 7 pm, Delta Center, 355-DUNK for tickets.

Dance Traditions of Deseret, Mar 24, 7:20 am, Holiday Inn, 999 S Main in SLC, lecture by Craig Miller, 350-9140.
The Impact of the Media on Foreign Policy, Mar 24, 11 am, de Jong Concert Hall, BYU.
Golden Eagles Hockey vs. Cincinnati, Mar 26 & 28, 7 pm.
League of Utah Writers, Mar 26, 9am-4pm, workshop at UVSC, Orem, 798-9369.
The African-American Through their Literature, Music & Poetry, Mar 27, 3 pm, Jewett Center for Performing Arts, Westminster College.
The Sagebrush Ocean, till Apr 24, Utah Museum of Natural History, photography exhibit of the Great Basin, call 581-4303.

ONGOING

International Etruscan Art Exhibit, till Apr 30, BYU Art Museum, \$5 for students, 378-BYU1.
Temple Square Concert Series, 7:30 pm, Assembly Hall on Temple Square.
The Garrens (Comedy Troupe), Fridays at 7:30 & 9:15 pm, 2084 JKHB (BYU), for reservations call (no sooner than Thurs) 377-1556.
Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, call 583-6431, FREE.
KHQN Radio and Krishna Temple Open House, Sundays, 6 pm, includes mantra meditation, films, & vegetarian feast, call 798-3559 for directions to the temple in Spanish Fork.
Pow-Wow, Indian Walk-in Center,

120 W 1300 S, please bring a chair if only observing, for times/dates call 486-4877.
Jazz Vespers, Sundays, First Unitarian Church, 600 S 1300 E, 486-5729.
Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," Sundays, 9:30-10 am, Tabernacle on Temple Square, be seated by 9:15 am.

EDITOR'S PICK

Be sure to take advantage of at least some of the great concerts in this area this week. Check out Fishbone on Tuesday at Club DV8—they're a great show. And don't miss the *Student Review* Benefit Concert at The Edge on Saturday (four bands and dancing for \$5). Aside from that, BYU is also cooking up some promising stuff: try the Dixieland Ensemble if your in for real entertainment on Thursday night. [P.S. Note from Jenn (again!): A very lovely and talented friend of mine, Christiann Savage (who is going to kill me when she sees this), is playing at Cafe Haven on Friday night. If you like beautifully melodic folk guitar with enchanting female vocals, this is NOT to be missed. She is incredible, take my word for it!]

continued... Culture

I was considering this biological puzzler, a song started and we were informed by the women that we were with that we would be required to dance now. Despite protests, we made our way out to the floor and proceeded to make complete fools of ourselves. In country dancing, uniformity is valued, everybody is supposed to do the same thing at the same time. Unfortunately, nobody ever consulted me when they figured out what they would do. It was sort of like I was playing one-on-one basketball with everyone on the dance floor and everyone kept faking me out. Just as soon as I thought everyone was going to move to the right, they would move left. The whole experience left me dizzy and somewhat nauseous. After I got off the floor I asked what country dance I had just partaken of. It was The Electric Slide. Rats!

Just when I thought it was impossible to look any more stupid, Bentley turned to me and said, "This is lame, let's go to Caesars Palace." The whole event is behind me now and I figure I have learned some very important lessons. First, I learned that every subculture is legitimate in it's own way, even if I don't understand it. Second, I learned that I will never get the hang of the Electric Slide, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. Finally, I learned to appreciate the yogurt at BYU. During my trip, I had this strange urge for a really terrible cup of yogurt, but I had to wait until I came home to have some. And that has made all the difference.

continued...

Posies

as well, like a Donovan one that's post-Rick, pre-Dave.

SR: How did you guys get involved with Big Star?

Ken: As soon as we heard it was happening we were all over it. It was originally just going to be one show. We just weaseled our way in. Plus, we knew the drummer and I guess he thought we could do as good a job as anybody. But mostly we got it through pestering, because the people who put it on just wanted big names.

SR: What's the future of The Posies? Where are you going to be in five years?

Dave: I'll be making coffee, I'm sure.

Ken: I'll be working for Dave in his coffee shop. Toilets again Dave? Thanks Dave. Hey, we gotta go. See you guys in Provo.

The Posies will lay it down at The Edge on Monday, March 28th. Also appearing are Permanent Green Light (L.A.), The Obvious (Salt Lake), and Nectar (Provo). The show starts at 7:00 pm. Tickets are available for \$9.60 in advance at Sonic Garden where The Posies and Permanent Green Light will make an in-store appearance and perform short acoustic sets Monday at 4:00 pm.



SPRING DING THANG
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